

THE ST. JOSEPH OBSERVER

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Political Announcements

FOR CONGRESS

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Representative in Congress, Fourth Congressional District, Missouri, subject to the will of the Democratic voters at the primary election, First Tuesday in August, 1920.

ROBERT L. YOUNG,

Lewis C. Gabbert announces as Democratic candidate for Congress, Fourth District of Missouri, subject to the primary, August 3rd, 1920.

I am a candidate for the nomination for Representative in Congress of the Fourth District, subject to the Democratic Primary Election, Tuesday, August 3, and solicit the vote and support of all Democrats for the nomination to this important office.
W. K. JAMES.

FOR CORONER

Dr. S. D. Reynolds, 215 South Tenth street, hereby announces himself as a candidate for coroner, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary, August 3, 1920.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE CONVENTION

That was a brave and frank message which President Wilson gave to the people this week through a newspaper interview, in which he declaimed any desire to in any way influence the San Francisco convention as to its candidates or platform. It was open, free and above ground.

All good Americans, whether democrats or republicans, despise cowardice and evasion and double-dealing. They are not pussyfoots themselves, and they don't like pussyfoots. They like to see a candidate, a convention or a party have the courage of its convictions.

It is not necessary to be a democrat, or to be a supporter of the League of Nations, to agree with Mr. Wilson when he says: "Whatever else the democratic party may do, I hope that its convention at San Francisco will say just what it means on every issue and that it will not resort either to ambiguity or evasion in doing so. . . I hope and believe that the platform to be adopted at San Francisco will be more progressive and clearer in understanding than that enunciated by the republicans at Chicago."

There is no voter of either party who can not agree with Mr. Wilson that "the issues upon which the campaign is to be fought will be met with definite and concrete statements, and not cloudy and ambiguous terms, as was the case in the Chicago convention."

And forward looking men and women, progressives who realize that difficult problems and vital duties will confront the next administration, cannot but be impressed when Mr. Wilson says: "The abandonment at the Chicago convention of the progressive spirit was woefully tragic. I hope and believe that the tragedy at Chicago will provide the democratic convention with an object lesson in this direction that will not be overlooked."

The Chicago convention was in all respects a dismal failure—with the exception of the fact that it was a decided victory for the senators—the Cataline conspirators who absolutely dominated it—who after having accomplished their purpose and dominated a man whom they can dominate, signalled to the tired sweating boys to the Coliseum that they could finish their chore and go home.

It was a great week for the senator conspirators. Senator Lodge, their chief, had presided over the convention and sung the initial Hymn of Hate.

Senator Penrose, though a sick man in Philadelphia, had directed the strategy and bossed the job.

Senator Watson—late paid lobbyist of the National Association of Manufacturers—had been chairman of the resolutions committee.

Senators Borah and Johnson had had their way, and found willing, eager helpers in blackguarding the peace treaty.

Senators Smoot and Brandegee and Wadsworth and Culler had sat in the conference "along about eleven minutes after 2 o'clock in the morning," that decided one of their associates in the senate should be given the nomination for president of the United States.

Former Senator Elihu Root had drafted the difficult part of the platform, and former Senator Murray Crane had served as the superb master mechanic of the machine that rolled off the presidential aspirations of Leonard Wood and Hiram Johnson.

What there was to the Chicago

convention that was not of the senators, by the senators and for the senators was wasteful and ridiculous excess. A thousand delegates were there for nothing. The fears of the peevish governor of Rhode Island were overwhelmingly confirmed. The convention was nothing but a "senate caucus." It merely transferred from Washington to Chicago, for a week, the chronic senate occupation of damning the president of the United States and all his works. It boiled down into a platform of several thousand words the millions of words of criticism and pessimism and do-nothingness that have been spoken in the senate in the past year. And it wound up by nominating a typical Ohio small-town politician and small-bore senator to attempt to succeed Woodrow Wilson as chief executive of this mighty republic.

NEVER HAS BEEN A LEADER

The nomination of Harding has been received with astonishment and dismay by the party whose suffrage he invites, and the platform upon which he is to run is being met with equal dissatisfaction. And this, so, from the fact that Warren G. Harding is a very respectable Ohio politician of the second class. He has never been a leader of men or a director of policies. For years a protégé of Foraker, he rose to a subordinate office by favor of "Boss" Cox of Cincinnati. Beaten by Judson Harmon in the contest for the governorship in 1910, he has never shown independent strength in his own state save when he was named for senator in 1914, having a majority of a little more than 100,000 over his democratic competitor; and outside of Ohio he has only such strength as he now derives from his place at the head of the republican ticket. Senator Harding's record at Washington has been faint and colorless. He was an undistinguished and indistinguishable unit in the rank of republican senators who obediently followed Mr. Lodge in the twistings and turnings of that statesman's foray upon the treaty and the covenant.

The nomination of Harding, for whose counterpart we must go back to Franklin Pierce if we would seek a president who measures down to his political stature, is the fine and perfect flower of the cowardice and imbecility of the senatorial cabal that charged itself with the management of the republican convention, against whose control Governor Beckman so vehemently protested. Rejecting Leonard Wood, probably the strongest candidate with the people the party could have chosen, because they knew he would never be dictated to by them, they favored Governor Lowden until Borah served upon them his notice of a veto of that nomination. Borah was commanding and truculent because he knew that he had to deal with a group of white-livered and incompetent politicians. If republican leadership had not fallen into the hands of pignoles the chief men at Chicago would have told Borah to bolt and be hanged, just as upon the issue of the league they would have defied Johnson to do his worst. But they ran like a frightened flock, surrendered everything, Mr. Lodge finally throwing out all disguises and standing out as the open foe of the covenant of the league of nations, even with his own reservations.

What has befallen the republican party of the early days, the party of sixty years ago, when it was possessed of moral purposes, or of forty and thirty years ago, when it could still profess to have them and find believers?

Where are its leaders that can be compared to Morrill, Seward, Hale, Platt of Connecticut, Oliver P. Morton, Sumner, Blaine, Conkling and a dozen others who rose to high places in the party councils? And, if the question be not too unfeeling, where and what are its principles, if any it have? Party control, exercised by a group of senators, is divided between Lodge on the one hand and Borah and Johnson on the other. None of them, none of their accomplices in party degradation, would have come within hailing distance of the foremost rank of party chiefs in the brilliant days of republicanism. And for principles, they have only hatred of Mr. Wilson and a ravening hunger for the offices.

NOT EVEN A PRINCIPLE LEFT

The republican party in full control of both houses in the Sixty-sixth congress had a most noble opportunity for it could have framed, if it had had the intelligence, the patriotism, the vital instinct of economic necessity, legislation against huge extravagance, the inevitable result of war, continuing in peace. The prime purpose of war is to win, by what sacrifices, by what temporary excesses of expenditure, nobody stops to think. The end of hostilities reached, the chief domestic purposes of a party with any comprehension of national needs and future exigencies would have been to reduce the army of of-

fice holders, of tax-eaters, serving, or meant to serve, a useful purpose in the war, left useless by its close; to cut appropriations to the lowest possible limit; to lower taxes, to give business a chance to adjust and retrieve itself, to live with as little peril as possible through the doubtful and difficult days ahead.

What did the republicans in congress do? They "denounced" and "invigorated" copiously. They did practically nothing, save in the Cummins railroad act built nothing. They played with business and taxation. These were mere counters in their game. The election was the one thing needful. They were not going to do or pretend to do anything save with a strictly partisan view. They had promised much. They fulfilled no promise.

Meanwhile, in the senate the hope of the country and the world was disappointed. The league of nations, desired by a vast majority of Americans, became a thing to be juggled with. The best fruit of the war, the hope of all nations, was rejected. The leaders of the republican party, incapable of any higher thought than their immitigable hatred of Mr. Wilson, forgot the wishes of republicans of the nation. They kicked in the head the common sense, the generous belief of common Americans. They sought the support of alien, foreign elements. They thought they could elect anybody president. The great Chicago convention, in preparation for which they had thrown away every constructive purpose, all decent regard for the opinions of mankind, has gone its melancholy, futile way. What have they got out of it? They have smothered in ambiguous words the master idea of this generation. They have surrendered to Mr. Johnson and Mr. Borah, insolent scoundrels of their authority and chartered libertines of rebellion against it. They have abused themselves for nothing. There is no consideration for their contract with disunion. The convention has revealed not one, but two or three republican parties, uncertain, unhappy, disorganized, without a guiding principle, without one imposing personality, disgusted with itself, animated with no common enthusiasm, watching wearily the shaking of the dice and wondering if the grand disappointment of 1916 isn't now to be repeated more thoroughly and more deservedly.

It is keeping far within the frontiers of moderation to say that no other republican national convention has made such a show of itself, has filled so many republicans with anger, with hopelessness, with a reality, impotence and incapacity to face events and the present condition of the world. In 1912 there was a ferocious division of principles and persons, which seemed to contain the seeds of improvement and concord after salutary disaster. This year, what is there; what evidence of any loftier intent than to get into power by means of sinister equivocations and easy doubtful offers, by the exclusion or renunciation of every higher view or policy than selective opportunism?

A party without a principle and without a commanding representative; that—and willingly must it be said—is all that is left of the republican party, so famous, of so many achievements, once of such hopes.

HAS FOUND ITS IDEAL CANDIDATE

The Wall street organs right after the Chicago convention, announced that the nomination of Harding came as "a shock" to the Democrats of the country, and now one of them, the New York Sun and Herald, very kindly tells why it is "a shock" in this way:

"He is the hardest kind of man to attack. His career in and out of politics shows, superficially, no angles at all at which the most expert of decriers might begin. He never has shaped any policy or done anything which has alienated from him the affections of any class."

A man whose public career is round and hard and smooth, like a billiard ball. A man who has never shaped any policy or done anything. A man who has always been regular. A man who, because he has no record, no policies or ideas that are his own, cannot be successfully attacked. Is this the true description of the ideal candidate for president of the United States and spokesman for the American people in this year of 1920?

Evidently his standpoint New York pundit thinks so. Evidently the Chicago convention thought so.

But do republicans who are progressive and thoughtful and courageous, who realize this is a storm-tossed world confronted by tremendous problems—do they believe it?

THIS WAS A FATAL ADMISSION

There is just as much significance to what is left out of a party platform as what is put in. At Chicago the Republicans were expected to use some form of weasel words about the Irish republic, but omitted even the

conventional "sympathy" for Ireland. The only comfort for the Sinn Féin-ers lies in the hope that trouble with England may result from the proposal to discriminate against English ships using the Panama canal and in the general attitude of cold aloofness toward the allied powers, who alone, according to the inadvertent admission of the platform, by their fleets and military supplies saved this country from "disaster." Then there is the failure to say anything about prohibition, except the little flourish in favor of enforcing all laws, which William Allen White, himself a member of the committee on resolutions, scornfully pronounced "bunk."

Most notable of all, however, is the omission to arraign the democratic administration for one of its blackest crimes. The platform assailed the democrats for every kind of incompetence and neglect, but said nothing about one terrible calamity that they brought upon the country. This inflicted the heaviest financial loss and caused widespread personal suffering, yet it was not so much as alluded to in the platform. We mean, of course, the disastrous blizzard of last winter. In forgetting to pledge the republican party never to allow anything of that kind to occur under a republican administration the platform risked the loss of the whole anti-blizzard vote.

WILSON'S ABUSIVE CRITICS

Just as Washington stood alone—as Lincoln stood alone—so does Woodrow Wilson stand alone. How awful was the loneliness of Lincoln—crushing, but for the sustaining hand of a righteous God—all through those terrible years, in a relentless storm of abuse alike from party associates and political foes; Washington was also assailed, persistently and venomously.

Who was right? George Washington or his meretricious hecklers? Abraham Lincoln or his cowardly, party-blind, narrow-minded detractors? What sane, open mind can doubt that history will declare Woodrow Wilson also right—eternally, grandly, magnificently right?

It has been aptly said that Lodge and his ilk can never forgive God Almighty for allowing a democratic administration to be in the saddle while the world was on.

We exorcise the memories of the pervers and Tones of the revolution and the "copperheads" and republican self-seekers of the civil war. Our posterity will hold in equal contempt and detestation the motives and methods of the flying, self-stuffed, peanut-souled snouts of politicians, republican and democratic, in and out of the United States senate, who are doing their best to "put an ineffaceable stain upon the nation's honor."

WALL STREET LIKES HARDING

When the old guard had notified the convention that it was time to drop all other candidates and nominate Harding, a great wave of protest went up against his nomination, and one of the principal reasons argued against him was, that nowhere except in the Senate had he shown any strength at all and there but little, and that he had no friends—but we see this is a mistake, as Wall street is his friend for The New York Sun and Herald, a strong Harding supporter, has investigated and makes this report:

"The nomination of Warren G. Harding for president was enthusiastically acclaimed by the majority of leaders in the Wall street district yesterday. Several influential men of the street declared that Mr. Harding is of the type made famous by Mr. McKinley, a solid sort of a citizen, a good co-operator, anxious and willing to take advice, but at the same time a doer and a thinker. A great surge of relief was apparent in the financial district over the defeat of candidates who had exhibited radical tendencies."

"A good co-operator, anxious and willing to take advice," is exactly what Wall street has been longing for, these last seven years and more. Harding fills the bill, and the street is happy.

THE EVIDENCE WAS DESTROYED

Nebraska has a governor named McKelvie—and he is also a gop. He with many other Nebraska gops attended the Chicago convention and returned from it deliriously happy—so happy in fact that he told the people of Lincoln that alcoholic stimulant was plentiful during the convention period—that even the policemen were peddling it.

Chief Garrity of the Chicago police took strong exception to the governor's unguarded statement, and demanded that he produce the evidence.

Whereupon Nebraska's Little Napoleon declares that "however true it may have been it was not intended for publicity. As for proof I frankly admit I have none."

Apparently the evidence has been destroyed. Perhaps the governor, who makes frequent trips to the Windy City, can get some good hundred proof evidence on the occasion of his next visit, and confound Chief Garrity yet.

The editor of this paper is not an advocate of lynch law, but it is extremely doubtful if a mob had pos-

sessed of the fellow who mutilated the woman found in the lake and he could by a single word prevent the scoundrel from climbing a tree to rope accompaniment, he would be able to think of a single word.

If there are such fierce vice conditions at the lake as the Gazette constantly howls about, why does not Sheriff Isaacson take action and haul the offenders in? Prosecuting Attorney Owen will prosecute them to the limit if the officers whose sworn duty it is to enforce the law, will bring them in.

Mayor Marshall makes Saturday and Sunday foot tours over the city looking for bad places in the streets. Now, Mr. Mayor, if you will see that these bad places which you discover are repaired instead of saddling that work on to the board of public works we will all call you blessed.

McAdoo will be the nominee of the Democratic party at the San Francisco convention this week, no matter if he is now refusing. His party will speak—and McAdoo is too good a democrat not to respond to the call of his people.

Of course you want to know who the San Francisco convention will nominate next week to lead the hosts of democracy to victory. Now if you will just wait patiently until this time next week, we will tell you.

That was a sight to cause angels to weep and gods to look sorry, which was to be witnessed in the county court room Monday when a self-selected aggregation of saints tried unholy John Albus. Wow!

The News-Press calls upon the people to look out for the coming legislature—which reminds us that if all democrats are sent to the legislature, there will be no need for any looking out.

When John Albus turns over to that "new" committee the funds which he has in his possession, green colored cats will be seen riding pink monkeys across the street electric light wires.

Some of those gops who attended the "purification meet" in Sedalia Thursday were far more in need of purification than those whom they set out to purge the party of their presence.

Of course John Albus will not hand over the party funds to the self-appointed grab committee. He is not providing extra funds for the fellows who would provide a funeral for him.

Federal agents are mighty thick in this section just now, and the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead law lose friends on each visit. People are again becoming sane.

The pernicious firecracker and fireworks season is almost here, Chief Watson, and it is your duty to see to it that no one in your wide jurisdiction is injured.

If Wallace Crossley gets out of the gubernatorial race, our own Judge Mayer will be the gainer to a decided extent—and it will no doubt give him the nomination.

Now if the powers that be will but keep on rushing those freight cars on over into Kansas to get that wheat, the world will hear less Kansas jabber.

It is a trifle curious that of the thousands of people who go to Lake Contrary each week, not one of them has found any vice—except The Gazette.

No Lucille—those shocks felt in California Monday night were not Bill Bryan's shoes dropping to the floor on the first night of his arrival.

The Republican committee will notify Harding July 22 of his nomination. Wonder if that will be the first thing he has heard of it?

To read the newspapers Jouett Shouse from his "conversation" seems to have taken Col. House's place as presidential spokesman.

So far St. Joseph's summer climate has been good enough for anyone—and those dollars for northern trips can be saved.

That "purification" meeting at St. Louis Thursday was one of the most needed things the gops have ever pulled off.

If th contesting factions at the city hall do not soon stop pulling at that "new money," there will be none of it left.

St. Joseph was melodiously inclined this week, as the State Music Teachers Association held its convention here.

It is noticeable that despite the purity meet at Sedalia Thursday, no receipts have been received from

Lowden's treasurer, showing that his money had been returned.

Somehow or other no matter which way you shake him, John Albus always lands on top in the final whirl.

By the way that things are now moving in Ireland, there seems to be need of League of Nations action.

Pullman rates were again advanced this week. Lowden must get his money back some way.

What the Missouri Editors Are Saying

Just Like Oranges Now

Potatoes have broken violently, dropping in the market to the price oranges used to sell for.—Sedalia Capital.

The One Piece Suit Sufficient

Chicago bathers have been told by the park commissioners to dress according to their consciences. On that basis, even the one-piece suit may go.—Kansas City Times.

What About This?

What have political parties come to anyway? A national republican convention quotes with approval such democrats as Jefferson and Monroe and says nothing about Lincoln and McKinley.—Moberly Democrat.

Will Not Recommend Jake

If Mr. Harding asks Mr. Lowden's advice about running a campaign it is safe to bet that "Jake" Babler of Missouri will not be recommended as a campaign manager.—Kansas City Times.

Has No Business With That Much

Thieves broke into a man's house in Kansas City one night this week and stole \$25,000 worth of liquor. Our sympathy is with the thieves. No man has any business with that much liquor lying around.—Craig Leader.

The Idea He Would "Have It"

Governor Allen of Kansas says now he did not want the Republican nomination for president. Of course he didn't. The idea of anyone even thinking of Mr. Allen wanting such a useless thing as that!—Milan Standard.

Will Lose Votes for Harding

We don't know what the great body of unwashed will think about it, but the story sent out that Harding takes baths in the day time, and was in a bath tub when notified of his nomination, may likely lose him many votes.—Boonville Advertiser.

Harding's Chief Claim to Greatness

We do not say that it would have made any difference at Chicago, and yet it may be recorded as a fact that at the time Senator Harding was nominated few if any of the delegates in the convention knew that he once played the alto horn in the Marion cornet band.—Kansas City Times.

Just Stepped on Windy Bill

It would appear that the good Governor Allen was somehow lost in the shuffle at Chicago. The G. O. P. elephant is a very playful creature at times, and when in that mood is apt to step on some of the small boys engaged in carrying water to the beast.—Boonville Advertiser.

Has Barnard Down Anyhow

We are ahead of Barnard, anyway. That town in the last ten years has increased seven in population, while Hopkins in the same length of time gained nine. It is needless to say New York is not at all uneasy about either of these towns taking the honors of being the biggest city in the world from her.—Hopkins Journal.

William J. Never Loses

Wm. J. Bryan had made arrangements to play the leading role in a prohibition film story, but premature publicity, and it is alleged Mr. Bryan's increasing demands for money, combined to "blow up" the scheme. One man is reported to have dropped \$100,000, and all who were in on the deal lost money, except Mr. Bryan, who never loses.—Glasgow Missouri-fan.

As You Look at It

Down in Arkansas a candidate for office is being opposed because he got drunk, shot things up about his home and ran his family off the place. It seems those Arkansas "fellows" are getting "mighty pertickler" about their office holders. In some localities acts of that character would be regarded as "a small matter" and even tend to popularize a candidate.—Gallatin Democrat.

Printing Did Not Help Him

From the fact that Harding was once a printer's devil, and is now editor of a newspaper in a small Ohio town, although we have heard but little else of him, we think he must be a sort of a decent chap, but he is not recognized anywhere as of

presidential timber. The platform, however, is a rotten one, and there will be general stampede away from the Republican ranks, long before November. The outlook for Democratic success was never brighter than now.—Boonville Advertiser.

He Was Sure "A Mean Man"

The man that asked Chairman Schmoll, "What is the matter? Still counting the cash?" when Schmoll had stated that the Missouri delegation was not ready to vote when called upon, is a mean man, for the delegates that had received the Lowden money had stated that they had sent the money back to Lowden.—Dade County Advocate.

Just Got to Wrong Address

The fact that Lowden was not nominated does not necessarily mean that the thousands of dollars spent for the nomination was lost. The newspapers state that Harding was nominated by the Lowden men combining with the Harding delegates. So the money got the goods, but they were delivered to the wrong address.—Dade County Advocate.

Should Ration Gasoline

If the rationing of sugar could be changed to the rationing of gasoline much joy riding money would be saved for some useful purpose. In many families more barrels of gasoline are used than pounds of sugar, and if one or the other had to go sugar would go to the discard. The total amount spent for gasoline in this city per day is a big sum and continually on the increase in cost and quantity.—Moberly Democrat.

Should "Roll" Them Too

There are many Republicans in Missouri who are anxious to rid their party of the men who have been directing the party's policies for the past decade. Mr. Babler, the national chairman, the state chairman, Mr. Cole, and "Liv" Morse are the chief offenders in the eyes of those who have started in for a house-cleaning, but if John Schmoll and "Hank" Weeks and a few other St. Louis bosses are not "rolled" at the same time, the job will not be complete.—Missouri Cash-Book.

Fixing Up For Automobileists

After the Civil war we had the homestead law, and then came the timber and stone acts. In those days when agriculture was promoted because it was the backbone of the nation every measure intended to aid the farmer and to make new farmers was pushed to the limit. The greatest concern nowadays appears to be in building good roads for automobileists, and in finding new ways so that the farmer can live in town and enjoy "community life." All this is well enough, but the fact remains that the country is dropping behind in agriculture. There is a lot of enthusiasm for the cash bonuses for soldiers but none at all for plans that will be furnished substantial assistance to young men, who if aided, might join in a "back-to-the-land movement."—Desoto Press.

Where Would Roscoe be?

Roscoe Patterson, a widely known Springfield attorney and candidate for the Republican nomination for Congress from the Seventh District, seems to be tarred with the same stick as Messrs. Morse, Babler, Goldstein, Moore, et al, who divided the Lowden "melon" among themselves. Mr. Patterson is out with a statement in which he tells the public how his confiding nature was imposed upon by Jake Babler, who slipped him a bunch of Lowden money unbeknownst to him, and he solemnly asseverates that he never had anything to do with "Liv" Morse at any time or place whatsoever. It would never, never do to send such a confiding soul as Roscoe Patterson to Congress where he would most certainly "meet up" with slicker people than "Liv" Morse, and then where would he be?—Glasgow Missourian.

Robbed by the Paper Company

Vice President S. L. Wilson of the Graham Paper Company of St. Louis testified before the Senate Manufacturers Committee May 7 that the Graham Paper Company paid 120 per cent profit in 1917, 1918 and 1919. This is a positive fact of what the Standard has been saying all the time. It is a bunch of organized thieves and everyone of them are guilty. They make their representatives who travel over the state selling paper willfully and maliciously lie to the newspaper men and job printers, claiming their distributing house only makes a very little profit. The Graham Paper Company is the first to be caught. All others can be caught if investigated. Bank robbers, horse thieves and burglars are either shot or sent to the penitentiary. No mathematician has ever yet, so far as we have heard, figured the difference between the different classes of thieves this country is infested with. Why not treat them all alike?—Milan Standard.